

PEARY GOES UP THE HUDSON

HE AND HIS SHIP, THE ROOSEVELT, TAKE TRIP.

Part of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration at Newburgh They Were—Vessel Meets With a Mishap and Is Delayed an Hour—Nothing to Say About Cook's Case.

Peary's polar ship, the Roosevelt, carrying the scars of six months' fight with the ice pack beyond the northernmost tip of the continent and with her commander at the wheel, took her place in the naval parade up the Hudson River to-day. The Roosevelt did the unexpected thing before the day was over; she broke down in midstream.

That was entirely undignified and wholly to be deprecated, yet nevertheless such was the conduct of this craft which had sustained the pinch of the ice off Cape Sheridan through all last winter's long night and which had enjoyed the reputation of having been pushed further north than any boat of any nation. It was one of the steering cables that snapped when the boat was just below West Point. More than an hour had to be spent at anchor before the damage was repaired and the Roosevelt could make her way onward to join the rest of the carnival fleet.

Capt. Bartlett, the Newfoundlanders who have been master of the Roosevelt since she first went into commission, had his anchor up before daylight yesterday morning and the boat swung out of the creek in the arm of Sandy Hook where she had been moored since Thursday noon. Up through the Narrows at break of day came the squat little barkentine rigged steamer with that polar flag about which much has been written but from her mizenmast and the code signal "Thank you" fluttering below in anticipation of the honors that were expected from other craft.

While the Roosevelt was coming slowly up the bay the early rising ferryboats recognized her off Governors Island and paid noisy tribute to her adventures in the Cape Sheridan ice foot. There were no people at the Battery to hail her from a distance and no boats carrying committees and dignitaries sped to meet her as they did at Sydney ten days ago. But the Roosevelt made allowances for the hour and sailed on up the North River, leaving behind her a broad scent of old blubber and narwhal skeletons.

While the ship that had borne him to latitude 82 degrees 30 minutes north was making her way beforehand up the river Commander Peary and Mrs. Peary were taking a hurried breakfast at the Hotel Belmont. The explorer got off the Bar Harbor express at Grand Central at 7:15 in the morning, having come down from Portland at the twelfth hour after the officers of the Peary Arctic Club had decided that the Roosevelt should enter the parade on Monday, Bridgman, the secretary of the club, was at the station with a small party of close friends of the Commander's to welcome him.

Very few of the earliest commuters and others about the concourse at the station recognized the tall man under the white slouch hat as the one who reached the foot of West Forty-second street on Monday morning. He was a stranger to the station, a man who should carry Peary and his friends out to the Roosevelt.

There came very near being a new development in the Peary-Cook controversy right there at the station. Commander Peary had not left the place five minutes when Dr. Cook, who was on his way to keep the line and was hurried down from Eagle Island to take command of her myself on the trip up the river. The trip up the Hudson will be a little different from threading a way through the ice up to the Cape, but I guess the boys on board will relish the novelty.

After a hurried breakfast Commander Peary, his wife and a small party took taxis through Forty-second street to the pier on North River. There, through the provision of Mr. Bridgman, the tug W. W. Crocker was waiting to take them to the Roosevelt. Capt. Bartlett, having waited off the Forty-second street wharf for over an hour, had decided to jog along the river with the swarms of hawking craft so as to gain a place when the line began to form off Cornwall and was just swinging his arm back up the river and his party came alongside in the Roosevelt. The Commander went immediately to the top of the deckhouse—that is the nearest approach to a bridge the Roosevelt has—and there he took over the wheel from Capt. Bartlett. The Roosevelt slowly kicked her way out into the middle of the stream and began the journey to New York.

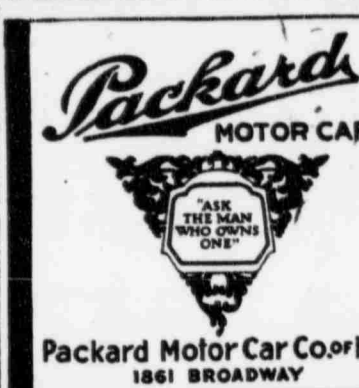
Whatever honors may have been denied the ship by the slumbering Battery were paid with usury by the wide awake river. Sherry, tobacco and the rest of the river down to its whistling craft. The excursion steamers that were going up under convoy of the torpedo flotilla listed to starboard and the men on their decks spotted the Roosevelt and rushed to the rail to yell and wave hats and handkerchiefs.

All of these frenzied welcomes Peary replied in the language of the sea until the engineer sent a call up the tube that any more whistling and the Roosevelt would have to stop and make room for him. So up the stream went the little polar ship; her hull still filled with natural history junk and the men of her crew and of the eyes of the thousands of people taking in the sights of a strange world.

BALDWIN GOES AWAY.
So Does the Other Balloonist, Tomlinson, Who Didn't Get to Albany.
A cold bleak wind from the Hudson River blew all day yesterday across the vacant lot that they have been calling "Fulton Flight Square." The fence which runs around the place afforded protection only from the morbidly curious and not from the breezes that are wont to blow free over Riverside Drive and "Fulton Flight Square." Indeed, the two big flags that are lashed to as many poles were whipped about so fiercely that it was decided to take them down and to preserve them from other propitious times.

For the benefit of those who have been interested in the distribution of the \$10,000 prize money for an airship flight to Albany, one may set at ease by stating that the money is safe as far as Capt. Baldwin and his less experienced pupil and customer, George L. Tomlinson, are concerned. For they have gone away. Capt. Baldwin has gone to St. Louis to take part in a celebration there.

Yesterday afternoon when folks were returning from their day's labor down town a crowd collected outside of "Fulton Flight Square." The front gate was locked and no one would answer the calls of the populace for admittance. So everybody stood on tiptoe or upon clouds of earth and looked within. They were shocked.



Packard Motor Car Co. N.Y. 1851 Broadway

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"Why were there the two tents that were here yesterday?" asked a fat man who wore a brown derby.

"Well, it's a cinch they ain't up, ain't it?" was the reply from inside.

In the southwest corner of the square were a number of blue tubs that have been used for making the hydrogen gas for the balloon envelopes. They were turned over. Here and there were parts of frames, broken and crushed. A heap of iron shavings was the only thing of value in the lot, for according to one of the attendants it is worth about \$25, and it will be sold at the earliest possible moment, too.

Five or six men stood around in the chill wind as if they were waiting for something to happen.

"Has the Captain given up his attempt to fly to Albany as a bad job?" was the next question.

"Who said anything about a bad job?" was the rejoinder. "The Cap'n just had rotten luck, that's all. He couldn't help it if the thing busted could he?"

One surmised that he could not; but before the conversation got under way there was another call at the front gate.

"What do you want?" was the greeting the intruder got.

"Ah, open the door. We can't wait around here all night," came back.

The gate was opened and outside stood a huge motor truck with a capacity of five tons. In a fifty feet truck was backed into "Fulton Flight Square." The driver said he had come to get the remains of Capt. Baldwin's stuff.

Everybody got busy then. They piled on tent poles, hanks of canvas, a yellow envelope, blue tubs, parts of balloon frames, and all sorts of things that may be used in aerial navigation. It took about an hour for them to do this, and by the time the process was completed the winds from the North River had died down a bit, and it was dusk. Tomlinson's goods were taken to the tugboat.

John Roeder is expected from White Plains to-day. He will pitch a tent in "Fulton Flight Square," and will try for the \$10,000.

Sailors See Vaudeville Show and Then Dance.

About 500 bluejackets of the fleet went to Sulzer's Harlem River Casino, 127th street and Second avenue, last night as the guests of the Seamen's Gunners League of the United States Navy, which is made up of men now out of the navy. A vaudeville performance of twenty numbers was followed after midnight by dancing.

Another Sailer Party at the Hippodrome.

The officers and men of the battleship Virginia entertained the Frenchmen from the Justice yesterday afternoon at a theatre party at the Hippodrome. There were about 500 in the party and they occupied a block of seats in the centre of the house. The arrangements were in charge of Senior Surgeon H. H. Belthier of the Virginia.

MAY DEFY CENSORSHIP.

But London Managers Must Take the Consequences Under New Plan.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. LONDON, Oct. 2.—A newspaper states that the parliamentary committee investigating the censorship of plays has reached a decision, which is now being embodied in a draft report. Among the main recommendations, according to the newspaper, is the retention of the censorship with this latitude:

If a manager chooses to produce a play which the censor refuses to license he may do so, but if the play contains anything offensive according to law the manager will lose his license.

The proposal to appoint a committee of appeal against the censor's decisions is negative. It is recommended that the censorship be extended to music halls, and that the half hour limit for dramatic sketches on their stages be withdrawn.

MRS. SHERIDAN HURT IN PARIS.

Auto in Which American Woman Was Riding Struck a Tree.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. PARIS, Oct. 2.—While Mrs. Sheridan, an American, residing at 84 Rue des Acacias, Paris, was automobiling to-day, her car skidded and hit a tree.

Mrs. Sheridan was somewhat severely injured.

Bryans Celebrate Wedding Anniversary.

LINCOLN, Neb., Oct. 1.—Mr. and Mrs. W. Bryan celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary at Fairview to-day. The house was decorated with flags and flowers and filled with messages and presents from all parts of the world.

Their three children and two grandchildren were at home, and the former aided in receiving the long line of neighbors who called to greet them.

The Weather.

The low area from the lake region was moving down the St. Lawrence Valley yesterday attended and followed by light and scattered rains in the lake region, northern New York and New England.

Cooler weather reaching the coast caused some cloudy weather in the middle Atlantic States. Temperatures fell in the late afternoon in the Ohio Valley and eastward, also in Montana, Wyoming and Utah.

The temperature was below freezing in parts of Montana and Wyoming and close to the freezing point in northern Michigan.

It was warmer in the Gulf States and in the eastern part of the Dakotas.

Low pressures still hung over the extreme South and southern Texas and a depression over northern California was causing light rain along the Pacific coast.

Generally fair weather prevailed over the interior of the country.

In this city the morning was fair; cloudy in the afternoon; cooler; wind, fresh westerly; average humidity, 53 per cent; barometer, corrected to sea level, at 5 A. M., 29.55; at 3 P. M., 29.05.

The temperature yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

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